

1490.C.66

A Choice Collection of

POEMS

In CUMBERLAND DIALECT,

I The HARVEST or BASHFUL SHEPHERD,

A PASTORAL

By the Rev. Mr. Robert Nelson, late of Greatsalkeld near Penrith in Cumberland.

II HAY-TIME;

OR THE

CONSTANT LOVERS

A PASTORAL.

III ST. AGNES FAST or the AMOROUS MAIDEN.

A PASTORAL.

And other Subjects no less entertaining

SUNDERLAND:
Printed by R. WETHERALD



THE following PASTORAL was composed a bout one hundred Years since, by the Revd. Mr *Rob. Nelson*, a worthy Clergyman at Great Salkeld in Cumberland; I am persuaded the judicious Readers, who understand the Dialect, will discover as true pastoral Simplicity and as many natural Beauties in it, as can be met with in the best of *Ramsay's* Poems, I am sensible it was published some Years since under the Title of the HARVEST; or BASHFUL SHEPHERD: But as I apprehend some of the greatest Beauties are lost by the Alterations and Omissions which are made in that Edition,

WHEN welcome Rain the weary Reapers drove
Beneath the Cover of a neighbouring Grove;
Far, far behind poor Robin trail'd his Feet,
Senseless to aw the weight of fallin' Weet,
A distant solitary Shade he sought;

And thus disclos'd the trouble of his thought.

Ah! ah! thur Showers may fleake my out-fild Heat;

And ev'ry Wheeze may ceul the broilin Sweat;

But my het Heart and boiling Blend I fear,

Thur Showers cannot fleake nor wheezes * wear

Ill Preut leet on it, that unsonsey Pleace,

Whar' first I gat a Gliff o' Peggy's Feace,

Leet tript along the Rigg, the leuvely Maid,

To Bands behind and there the Barley laid,

Daft Gowk! I glein't and theare and glein't & theare

agean

At last gash went the Sickle to the vaira Bean,

Out Gush't the Blend, the Shearers aw brast out

P' sweals ot Laughter, Peggy leukt about;

Reed grew my Finger, and reed as fire my Feace;

What cou'd be dune i' sickna, dismal Cease;

Heamward I slingd to grandy meade my Meane

My Grandy (God be wi' her, now she's geane)

Was reeght feun at her Galli-put for aid;

Reeght feun a Plaister to the fair she laid,

The healing Plaister eas'd the painful fair;

An ar indeed remains but naithing mair,

But Oh! my t'other wound, my inward smart

Peur Grandy cannot heal a bleeding Heart.

I've born the bitter torment three lang Years

And f'r aught I know, mun still be forc'd to bear

'Lefs Peggy will a kind Physician proue;

For Nean alive besides can medicine Leuve,

To wear, is to cool a boiling Pea.

And how sud *Peggy* be expected kind,
Till I've mair freely spokken out my mind;
I stinted oft my ailment for to show,
I stinted oft indeed, but that was aw:

A spreading blush spread fast ower aither Cheek,
Dum *Robin* grew and duce a word cou'd speak

* Can I forget that neeght (nay I ne'er can)
When on the clean swept Hearth the Spindles ran;
And th' Lassies drew their Lines wi' busy speed
As busy th' Lads were watching every thread;
But Nean of aw like *Peggy*, drew the line,
Sae fast, sae smo, sae slender and sae fine:

Ower fast, ower fine, ower slender, and ower smo,
"Till th' heavy spindle snapt the thread a' Twoe
The spindle meade to me, the Lads they glopt;
What mud I deo? I mud, I mud tak't up;
But what you may be sure went plaguy hard
E'en reacht it back without the sweet reward.

Wally was nean to swamish, he unty'd
A pair of Scillars by the the Damsels side,
And slyly dropt the whirling Spindle down:
And what said *Peggy*? *Peggy* seem'd to frown;
Up flew hur Neaf to fonce the cowren Lad,
But, o' methought it fell not down ower sad,
What follow'd after, I'm e'en leath to repeat
My teeth they watter'd then, and watter yet,

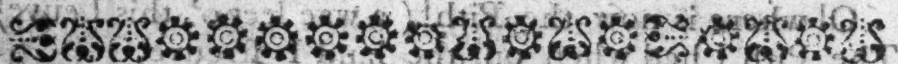
* this refers to a known custom in the North, where
he Lads gather up the falling Spindles, and refuse to
restore them till they are rewarded with a kiss.

How shall e'er I wash out the lasting Stain?
Lasting as e'er the Bleud of sackless Martyrs slain.
What? mun I still be fash't w' fragglin Sheep?
Wi' far fetcht Sighs, and things that's fast a sleep?
Still shamfully left snaffling by my fell,
And still be fash't wi' that bad Neame, the † Mell?
O! where is now the Pith! (a wae lect o' this Leuve)
The Pith I had when on the land I streuve,
When thro' the Cworn and open Lane I meade,
And bußling fair behind the † I aive survey'd
But what! I fear this pith will near be mair
Till Peggy will my wonted pith repair;
And how fud honest Peggy send Relief,
A perfect stranger to her Sweetheart's Grief.
But now I'll learn to feace the damsel clean
Oil my slow Tongue and sharp my sheepish Ecn;
A Beauk there is, a Beauk the neame, sham faw it,
Something o' Compliments I trow they saw it:
And faick I'll hae't, my Flute shall bear the Cost,
What signifies my Flute, if Peggy's lost?
If sickna bonny lass lud be my Bride,
What need I care for aw the world beside?
Early tomworn, tomworn's the market Day
Straight to the Stationers shop I'll meake my way,
And boldly for thur Compliments Enqueer,
Care I a Fardin, let the Prentice jeer.
To Peggy then a letter I'll indite,
Leuvesome as e'er a country Lad did write.

† The last. † All the rest.

A Letter which shall aw my Grievence tell
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the drowsy Clouds disperse away,
Out fra his shelter leuks the lively day;
Brave hearty Blasts the dropping Barley dry,
The Lads gang back to wark and sea mun.



HAY-TIME,

OR THE
CONSTANT LOVERS.

A P A S O R A L,

In Cumberland Dialect;

Cursty and Peggy.

WARM shone the Sun, the Wind was warmly blew
No longer cool'd by draughts of morning-dew;
When in the field a faithful pair appeared,

A faithful pair full happily endeared:

Hasty in rows they raked the Meadow's pride,

Then sank amid the softness Side by side,

To wait the withering force of wind and sun;

And thus the tale of artless Love begun.



Cursty

A finer Hay-day seer was ne'er seen;
 The greenish sops already luik less green;
 As weel the greenish sop, will tuin be dry'd
 As Sawney's Bacco spread by th' Ingle side.

Peggy

And see how finely strip'd the Fields appear,
 Strip'd like the Gown 'at I on fundays wear;
 White shews the Rye, the Big of blaker hue;
 The bluimen Pezz greement with Reed and blue.

Cursty

Let other Lads to spworts and pastimes run,
 And spoil their sunday Clease and clash their sheun;
 If Peggy in the field my partener be,
 To work at Hay is better spwort for me.

Peggy

Let other Lassies ride to Rosslev-Fair,
 And mazzle up and down the market there,
 Envy not their happy treits and them,
 Happier my sell, if Roger bides at Heame.

Cursty

It's hard aw day the Heavy scy' to swing;
 But if my Lads a wholsome breakfast bring,
 Even Mowing-time is better far I swear,
 Then Curfenmass and aw its dainty Chear.

Peggy

Far is the Gurfin off, top full the Kits,
 But if my Cursty bears the milk by fits,

For galloping to wakes I ne'er gang weud,
For Every Neet's a wake, or full as geud.

Cursty.

Can thou remember, I remember't weel,
Sin lile wee things we claver'd ower yon Steel;
Lang Willy wands for Hoops I yust to bay,
To meake my canny Lads a Leady gay.

Peggy

Then dadg'd we to the bog ower Meadows dree,
To plot a sword and seevy cap for thee;
Set off with seevy cap and seeve sword
My Cursty luikd as great as any Lword.

Cursty.

Beneath a dyke full menby a langsome day,
We sat and beeldd Houfes fine o' clay;
For Dishes acron cups stuid dressed in Rows,
And broken Pots for Dablers mens'd the waws.

Peggy

O may we better houfes get than thar,
Far larger Dishes dublers breghter far
And ever mair delighted may we be
I to meake Cursty fine and Cursty me.

Cursty.

Right oft at schuil I've spolder'd ower thy rows
Full many a time I've fouten in thy cause;
And when the winter miry ways let in,
I bear the on my back thro' thick and thin.

Peggy.

As suin as e'er I learned to cast a loup,
 Warm Mittons Wap'd thy Fingers warmly up;
 And when at heels I spy'd thy stockings out,
 I dearned them suin or suin set on a clout

Cursty

O how I lik'd to see the on the fleer;
 At spworts, if I was trier to be seer,
 I reach'd the fancy readily to thee,
 For nin dane'd hawf sae weel in Cursty's Eye.

Peggy.

O how I swet, when for the costly Prize,
 Thou grip'd some lustly Lad of greater size,
 But when I saw him scrawlen on the plain,
 My Heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sea fain.

Cursty.

See! ovr the Field the whurlin sunshine whiëws,
 The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues;
 From Cursty thus oft Peggy seem'd to hast,
 As far she fled, he after her as fast.

Peggy.

Ay, Laddy, seemed indeed for truth to tell,
 Oft wittingly I stummerd oft I fell,
 Pretending some unlucky wramp or strean,
 For Cursty's kind guid natured Heart to me.

Cursty

Sweet is this Kiss as smell of dwallowed
 Or the fresh Prumrose on the first of May.

Sweet to the Teaste as pears or apples' moam,
Nay, sweeter than the sweetest Honey comb.

Peggy.

But let us rise----the Sun's ower Carrack Fell,
And lu'k----whae's yon ,ats woking to the well?
Up, Cursty up; for God's seak let me gang,
For fear the master put us in a Sang.



St. A G N E S T F A S T; or the
A M O R U S M A I D E N.
A P A S T O R A L.

In the GUMBERLAND Dialect.

HO W lang I've fasted and 'tis hardly four;
This day I doubt 'till ne'er be gitten ower:
and theer as lang a neet aleis beside;
I like thought Fasts like fearful things to bide.

Fie, Roger, fie -----a fairy las to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undargang,
What gars thee stay? -----indeed its badly duine:
Come, come thy ways----thou mud as weel come fuine;
For come thou mun, aw Mothers' wife agree;
And Mothers wife can never feer aw lee.

As I was powen Pezz to scawd ea neet,

O' ane wi' neen it was my luck to leet;
 This fain I underneath my bouster laid
 And gat as fast as e'er I cou'd to bed:
 I Dreamt---the pleasent dream I's neer forgit,
 And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A piping frae a apple fair I cut,
 And clowse atween my thoomie and finger put:
 'Then cry'd whar' wons my Luive, come tell me true
 And even forret fireight away it flew;
 It flew as Rogers house it wad have hit,
 And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet

I lated last aw Hallow-Even lang
 For grownen nuts the buffes neak'd amang:
 Wi' twea at last I met: to aither nut
 I gave a neame and, beith i'th ingle put
 Reeght bonnily he burnt nor flinch'd a-bit;
 And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

Turnups ae saturday I paird and hell,
 A pairing feav'd my Sweet Heart's neame to tell
 Slap it fell on the floor, aw ran to view,
 And cawt it like a C----but cawt not true
 For nought I's feer but R the scrawl wad fir;
 And ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A Fortune-teller lately come about,
 And my twea guid King Gweorges I powt out
 Baeith, beaith, (and was not that a pity) went
 And yet I cannot caw them badly spent.

She sign'd a bonny Lad and a large kit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.

When t'other neet the Bride was put to bed,
And we wad try wheas turn was neet to wed.
Oft ower the shoulder flung the stocking fell,
But not yen hat the mark exsept my fell,
I on her seace directly meade it bit;
But ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.

But what need I fash me any mare,
He'll be oblig'd void neer sea feare,
To come at last; its own'd it seems to be,
And weel I wate what's own'd yen cannot flee.
Or sud he never come, and thur fulfil
Sud cruel Roger prove sea cruel still
I munnot like a fuil gang fast aw day,
And kest my fell just winingly away,

She said and softly slipping cross the floor,
With easy fingers op'd the silent door;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips and three times laid it down;
Purpos'd at length the very worst to prue,
'Twas easier fure to die of ought than huive.

The FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A Farmer once to London went, I say him
To pay the worthy 'squire his rent:
He comes,-----he knocks,-----soon entrance gains

Who at the door such guests detains?

Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart;

'Farmer you're welcome to my heart:

'You've brought my rent then?----To a hair,

'The best of tenants I declare.

The stew'd was call'd, th' accounts made even,

The money paid, the receipt was given:

'Well, quoth the 'squire, now you shall say,

'And dine with me old friend to day;

'I've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,

'And pleasant sparks I'll war'nt will sit thee,

He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,

'And said no zur, two words to that,

'For look, dye zee, when Ize do dince,

'With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,

'I do use to make (and 'tis no wonder)

'In deed or word, some plag'y blunder,

'Zo, if your honour will permit

'I'll with your zervants pick a bit.---

Pho says the 'squire, it shan't be done,

And to the parlour push'd him on.

To all around he nods and serapes,

Not waiting maid or butler 'scapes,

With often bidding takes his seat,

But at a distance mighty great,

Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,

He nods nor comes one inch more near,

By madam serv'd with body bended,

With knife and fork and arms extended

He reach'd as far as e're was able,

To plate that over hung the table,
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage some he drops,
 To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd and drank to John behind,
 When drank to in the modish way
Your love's sufficient, zur, he'd say,
 And to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his aukward honours,
'Pish, says the 'squire, pray keep your sitting
'No no, he cries zur'tis not fitting,
'Tho I'm no scholar versed in letters,
I know my duty to my betters.
 Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs go round the board,
 Thus the first course was ended-----well!
 But at the next -----ah! what befell,
 The dishes now were timely plac'd
 And table with fresh luxury grac'd
 When drank to by a neighboring charmer,
 Up as usual, stands the farmer,
 A wag to carry on the joke,
 Thus to his servant softly spoke,
'Come hither Dick, step gently there,
'And pull away the farmer's chair,
 'Tis done, his congee made the clown,
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down,
 But by posteriors over weigh'd,
 And of his trusty seat betray'd,
 As men at twiggs in river sprawling,

e catch'd the cloth to save his falling
 in vain-----sad fortune down he wallow'd
 and rattling all the dishes follow'd,
 the foplings lost their little wits,
 the ladies squall'd some fell in fits
 Here tumbled turkies, tarts widgeons,
 And there minch'd pies, and geese and pigeons,
 A pear pye on his belly drops
 A custard pudding met his chops
sitting ord what ado! 'twixt bellies and beaus,
 some curse some cry, and rub their cloaths,
 this lady raves, and that looks down,
 and weeps and wails her spatter'd gown.
 one spark bemoans bespatter'd waist coat,
 one, rot him cries, he's spoil'd my laced coat.
 amidst the rout the farmer long
 the pudding suck'd and held his tongue,
 at length he gets him on his breech,
 and scrabbles up to make his speech,
 first scrapes eyes mouth and nostril twangs,
 then smacks his fingers, and harangues.
Plague tak't----- Ide told ye how 'wa'd be,
 Luck here's a pickle zurs, dye see;
 And some I'll warnt that makes their chatter,
 Have cloaths daubed with grease and batter,
 That cost- -----He had gone-----on but here,
 Was stopt at once in his career.
 ----Peace, brute! be gone the ladies cry.
 the beaux exclaim, fly, raschal, fly-----
 I'll tear his eyes out, squeaks miss Dolly,